

The Fisk Herald.

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VOL. V.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1888.

NO. 7.

FIRE LIGHT REFLECTIONS.

—o—

There are times, when the heart swells
up

In every human breast,
With its feelings undefined,
Beyond a vague unrest.

There are times when the past comes
back

Like a plodding caravan train,
And emotions, dead, revive,
With mingled joy and pain.

To-night I have sat and watched,
In the burning fire-light glow,
Pass many a scene and face
Before me to and fro.

On the face of some, there was
A smile of youth and glee,
And childhood's shadowy dream,
Came flitting back to me.

The old home and its hearth
On a pleasant wintry night,
Gave again to a babbling six,
Its warmth, its glow and light.
Two girls, four frolics one boys,
The flickering fire light showed
Around a noisy hearth,
Where a silent mother sewed.

A quarrel, then a making up,
Some sweet old song is told,
A scary tale, or blindman's buff,
A tucking off to bed.

Then a shadowy dreamy face
Was alone in the firelight glow,
Hands plying the needle and thread,
With many a rent to sew.

The silence and the night,
Wear on as wear they must,
While six young sleepers sleep
The sleeping of the just.

But the glimpse of childhood home
With all its smiles and tears,

Like the moving caravan
Passed on with other years.

Then youth, gay youth and hope
Which only fair scenes know,
Blazed up in a red-hot blaze,
To fade in the flickering glow.

So many a scene of life,
Passed in my firelight glow,
Like a showman's canvas views,
Before me to and fro.

Thus gladness and regret,
I know not which the most,
Come with these shadowy scenes
As silent as a ghost.

So I have sat and thought
Of many a scene and face,
Which I have loved, and yet,
Have in my heart a place.

But late, so late it is,
The fire has burned so low,
Till ashes cover up
The dying embers' glow.

And I must lie away,
And get me off to bed,
And count my childhood sleep
When my first prayer was said.

I'll say that prayer to night,
For old time's sake to keep,
God bless my friends while "Now
I lay me down to sleep."

God bless them, and, "If I
Should die before I wake"
In this last sleep, "I pray
The lord my soul to take."

G. M. McClelland, '85.

The trustees of Columbia college
have passed an ordinance compelling
students and professors to don the cap
and gown.

THE FISK HERALD.

GLIMPSES OF CHINA.

THE following is an extract from a private letter written to a member of the faculty by Miss Minor, whom we pleasantly remember as a teacher here in '86-'87, and who is now a missionary in China:

Tientsin, China, Nov. 8, '87.
I'll tell you a little about this place, as I shall probably see it about once a year while I remain in China. The "Foreign Concession" was waste land subject to overflow a few years ago. Now it is a very pleasant city, but quite unlike anything in America. The "mission compounds" here are all quite near together. These compounds are enclosed by high brick walls. The gate is usually an archway, and just within on one side is the room of the gate keeper whose duty is to exclude all improper persons and to lock the gates at night. Inside are the comfortable cottages in which the missionaries live, usually not more than three families in a compound, often a chapel, and sometimes a little building. As you go along the street all that you can see are these high compound walls, with an occasional glimpse thro' an open gate.

It is the foreign, not the native city which I have described. I have made one pilgrimage, in a jinricksha to the Chinese city, and do not care to repeat it. We rode two miles and a half to a dispensary one day—I'll stop right here to tell you a little about Dr. Gloss, whose dispensary we visited.

She is a very enthusiastic young lady who came out about two years ago under the Methodist Board.

Her home is in the Foreign Conces-

sion, and in the adjoining compound is her hospital. Here she has "in-patients" and a clinic every day for "outpatients." She spends two afternoons a week in her little dispensary in the native city, where she often treats fifty persons in an afternoon, performing surgical operations and doing all sorts of things. But to return to our jinrickshas. The narrow streets were thronged and packed with people and heavily laden wheel-barrows and donkey carts among which we literally "wound" our way, often having to stand still for five minutes or more. The Chinamen would get close to us and stand still to stare as only a Chinaman knows how to stare, taking in the most minute details, and showing especial interest in our enormous feet with their queer skin shoes. And you can't imagine the sights and smells and tumult of sounds which greeted us. One is made to realize the phrase "even to the uttermost". The lines occurred to me:

"Still thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison;
Thro' all depths of sin and loss,
Drops the plummet of thy cross;
Never yet abyss was found,
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

The Viceroy of this province, Li Chang, "the Bismarck of Asia," has had great improvements made in the city both in cleanliness and in smoothness of the streets, but to put it mildly, there is still room for improvement. The native city, by the way, has outgrown its walls, and there is as much outside as within. This dispensary is without the walls, and after leaving it we climbed the Drum Tower in the center of the wall city, at the intersection of the two main sides

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which connect four gates. From the second story of this tower or pagoda we looked down upon the floor of roofs below us, when an occasional break gave a glimpse into a tiny court. The Drum Tower is a temple to sacred animals, the fox, snake and others equally noble.

It contains no idols, but tablets to the animals. The temples of China are numerous, but most of them are miserable affairs. I wish that I had time to describe a visit to a Chinese bride, but my letter bids fair to grow to undue proportions.

One institution in Tienisin in which I have been very much interested, is the "Viceroy's Hospital," in charge of a Dr. Mackenzie from Gt. Britain, with whom medical and religious work go hand in hand. There were fifty conversions last year among his in-patients. He has a class of thirteen young men, supported by government, who are taking a three years course to fit them for navy surgeons. A class of four were graduated last year. Of these thirteen, nine are earnest Christians. Think what an influence they will exert in the future! I attended Dr. MacKenzie's Sunday School class of young men, where English was spoken. I doubt whether any where you could find a class of young men who would show deeper intellectual and spiritual insight into the passages studied than they did.

Pao-ting-fu, Nov. 27th, '87.

I am ready now for the second installment, for the courier will be starting for Tientsin in two or three days. I want to write next a description of our mission premises here, and some phases of our life, and then I may hold

forth, not philosophically, on the Chinese language. These won't be missionary letters, for I shall know practically nothing of mission work for some time to come, and want to avoid giving any false impressions.

It was the fifteenth of November when we reached *home* and took breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. Merrith, the only missionaries at the station except those who came up with me. They have been here only two years, tho' both of them are about half way thro' the thirties. My home has been with them thus far, and I hope that it will continue to be for they are like a brother and sister to me already. They are very delightful people, brimful of fun and life, but Dr. Merrith has as much missionary spirit to the cubic inch as one often finds. The other people here are just as nice only in a rather more formal and proper way, and I am sure that we shall all be very happy together. The old workers here were so glad to welcome the new recruits, for they had been calling for reinforcements for so long, and the native Christians greeted us so warmly that we felt at once that we had got to the right place. We had a genuine Thanksgiving this week. I am sure that I had more reasons for thankfulness than I have ever had before. I don't think that there is any earthly happiness to surpass that of finding a place in which to work. The hard part of it is that I can't get at the real work until I have worked at the language for about a year. It is quite a trial to see these people around and not be able to do anything for them.

I commenced work in the language, with a Chinese teacher, the day after I reached here, and am pegging away

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at it with all my might. I enjoy the study very much. My teacher and I carry on the most astonishing conversations. He knows about ten English words. I struggle laboriously thro' a sentence three or four times, then perhaps he grasps my idea and expresses it in language which usually bears a remote relationship to that which I used. In English we inflect a sentence; in Chinese the meaning of each individual word depends upon the inflection or tone given it, and you have to slide up the words and down them and over them in all sorts of shapes. One word without changing its spelling, has thirty different meanings depending entirely on the way in which it is pronounced.

I havn't time to describe at length our mission premises. They are Chinese dwellings with foreign floors, doors and windows. The three courts are paved with brick and poles are arranged overhead so that matting can be spread on them in summer to keep out the sun. Each inn is a little house by itself except the three in the rear of the Merrith court, and the two corresponding ones back of the Piersne court. The halls etc., are really covered passages with independent walls. The houses are of native brick, which is grey, and the bricks are laid with the broad side showing. The houses are only one story with quaint tall roofs such as you have probably seen in pictures, and with red woodwork under the roof and about the doors and windows. The walls of the main court come just up to the edge of the roof, and have open-work tile ornamentals at the top. There are five gateways, only the inner and outer gates in the main

courts being gates proper. The other's have simply the tile roof supported by pillars. The whole affair is quite picturesque, and the houses are very comfortable.

This property is only rented. The mission has recently bought ground outside the walls, and is beginning to put up some foreign houses. One house may be ready so that a family can get out of the city next fall. At present the mission has to be deserted by foreigners during the summer because it isn't safe to stay in a closely packed Chinese city of one or two hundred thousand inhabitants during the intense heat.

The nearest cities to us are Tiel tsi and Pekin, each a hundred miles away. We were six days in coming here on the river, but we did not travel on Sunday.

We shall have almost unbroken sunshine all thro' the winter. The trouble with our surroundings here is that we have so little opportunity for exercise.

We have made one expedition outside the walls. We have to go out in springless Peking carts, which are simply indescribably dreadful on these rough roads.

My disappointments have all been happy ones, and I look forward only with pleasant anticipations to my life in China, hoping that I can spend my whole life here. I think often of you all, and of my pleasant year at Fisk, and hope that our first home mail will bring a letter from some of the friends there.

Luella Minor.

Miss Whitney takes the chair of Astronomy at Vassar.

TOM BROWN AT FISK.

In three chapters. . . .

CHAPTER, III

IT was the close of the Christmas Rhetoricals. The bustling of departing visitors and students mingled with the congratulations poured upon the successful orators. One group stood near the door. You could easily recognize the affable voice of Thompson, for Thompson was a senior now, and of course—well he was a *s'nm'r* and every body knew it. "Who was that tall dark young man that spoke so *splendidly*?" asked one of the group, an octaroon with black waving hair and twinkling eyes, pretty, and cognizant of the fact. "Oh' that was Brown. He's a freshman; this is his first time on. Smart fellow that; lost one year to take care of his mother 'till she died and then came back and not only kept up with his class, but made another. You ought to have seen him when he first came! green, whew!" "Yes, he's my chum," said another, a pretty little fellow dressed in the latest style, so that he almost looked like a laundryed collar with a head on it. "Wouldn't you like to meet him?" "O yes! Do bring him here," answered Miss Floyed (the beauty), "I should like to see him ever so much." In a few moments our Tom was bowing and scraping before the group of young ladies and probably would have been blushing had not that been a physical impossibility. "Really you must come and see us" said Miss Stanley, "we live on South High." "Thank you, I will" said Tom, as visions of beauty and cake passed before his already excited brain. "Tell you, boy, you've struck a big thing. We'll have

a racket in the city during the holidays," said Carter, Tom's chum, as he returned from escorting his charges to the city. "I believe Bess Floyed's stuck on you, fellow." "O pshaw! stop your nonsense" said Tom as he tucked up in the bed-clothes and industriously tried to go to sleep, which he succeeded in doing at last and dreamed that he and Miss Floyed were married and that he was the greatest orator—I don't know what else he might have dreamed had not the warning bell for breakfast started him from his slumbers. On their way from breakfast Carter imparted some very important information to Tom. "Boy, I've got an invitation for you to night at Miss Stanley's. Going to have a big time. Then next week we've something on docket for every night. I tell you, we'll just paint Nashville red; show 'em what Fiskites can do. Of course you'll need a new suit and some laundry, etc, but—" "But I have'nt any money,—not a cent," said Tom dubiously. "Borrow," replied Carter sententiously, as if that was a very common method with himself. "I dont like to do that". "Bah! don't get squeamish now! why, fellow, you ought to have heard Miss Floyed talking about you. Why, I tell you we'll have all these fellows opening their eyes when they see us having such a big time in the city." Tom kept thinking the matter over as he was cleaning up the room, and it must be confessed that under the ceaseless running of Carter's tongue his scruples were fast melting away. "But Miss Parmelee won't excuse us so often." "Go without an excuse then. I don't propose to be shut up here all the Christmas just because those teachest

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want me to be. I'm a man and propose to do as I please." "The teachers don't want you shut up here. They don't think it right however to be running out too much and staying up nights, and I don't—?" "Well, you can stay here and read the Bible if you want to. Hello! there's a letter—no, a card for you. Whew! registered letter down in the office for you. Tell you, Brown, you're lucky. We can have a racket now, hey?" "Ye-es, but that money was for my school warrants and I ought to give it to Stickel." "Well I declare! You're the biggest gump-head I ever saw!" Suffice it to say that Tom took ten dollars to the Treasurer and put the remaining thirty in his pocket, and then wanted to be provoked because the Treasurer was a little gruff. Soon Tom had a new suit with a long-tailed coat, a package of laundryed collars and cuffs; and countless neckties and handkerchiefs. The first two nights of eating and dancing quite turned his head, and made him deeply in love with Miss Floyed's curls. The third night the Matron flatly refused to excuse them, and they followed Carter's plan and went anyhow, for as Carter argued "they could easily get back by ten." However Carter wasn't ready to depart at that time, being engaged in a very confidential conversation with Miss Stanley, and although Tom hated to leave Miss Floyed's black eyes, he departed alone. As he crossed the railroad he saw the lights in Livingstone beginning to go out and he started out in full gallop. As he neared the bridge his foot struck a stone and he fell sprawling into one of the spacious mud-puddles which can always be found in that vicinity. Pick-

ing himself up he started out again and reached the door just in time—to find it locked. Here was a pretty fix! If he aroused the watchman he was sure to be reported, and if he didn't,—ah! here was a window left open; he crawled in, sneaked up stairs and dreamed all night that officers were arresting him for burglary. Carter turned up bright and early, in time for breakfast, and started to whisper in Tom's ear:

Listen n y children,you shall hear,
Of the midnight run off—"

but was promptly checked by a pitcher of water. Tom did not go out much the rest of the week. New Year's day however, he could not resist the temptation, especially when it was backed by a dainty missive, saying "Miss F. would be disappointed, if" &c.&c., &c. "I'm not going to buy any more cards" said Carter. "We won't need 'em." Tom readily consented for he had only fifteen cents left. They were ashamed to ask for excuses again so away they went without them. Arriving at the house they boldly rang the bell and when the door was opened by a small boy, stepped in and began to take off their over coats, when the boy held up a little server, and said, "Thirteen cards,pleth thir." Tom stood and looked at the boy for a moment and then turned just in time to see Carter's coat-tails disappearing down the street. Soon only the boy and server were left in the hall. Cards however were purchased and written in short order and often waiting long enough for the affair to be forgotten, they returned and spent the evening in most agreeable company. This time even Tom could not tear away by ten, and to make a long story short,

staid out all night. "We're in for it now," said Carter as he came up stairs after breakfast, "The President wants us down in his office. He knows it all." The final result was that Carter, being an old offender, packed his trunk, while Tom received a severe reprimand, which was very affective.

It wouldn't have been so hard but when he reached his room he found a note which stated that Mr. and Mrs. John Floyd would be pleased with his company at the marriage of their daughter Bessie, to Mr. J. R. Bruce, at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 9, 188-. Tom didn't shed any tears, merely walked to the mirror and said, "Tom Brown, you're a fool!" and the young man in the mirror seemed to assent, without any mental reservations.

* * * * *

Ella Boyd had been compelled to loose two years for financial reasons, and was consequently a Senior Normal at the same time Tom a Senior College. They did not meet very often, for Tom's Freshman escapade had settled the girl question with him, as he thought, and he was tending strictly to his studies, while she was pursuing her quiet way as usual, not even bothered now by Thomson. The scholarship and deportment of both were very high, and once in a while they mutually sought one another's advice as to certain pet schemes. Ella had a taste for literary work and Tom's practical common-sense was often of use in toning down too brilliant passages: Tom was doing some extra work in the sciences and sometimes made her his confidant as to his future plans. Commencement soon drew near, and one day as Tom was passing the little grove in the north-west

corner of Victoria square, "getting off" his oration he happened to overhear a conversation to which, being personal, he could not be blamed for listening. "That Tom Brown is just making a fool of Ella Boyd. Like to see myself running aronnd after a boy as she does. And then he's homely as a hedge-fence—" just then Tom happened to spy Ella seated on a bench not far away, also, probably, getting the benefit of the conversation. Tom said nothing. Commencement passed off nicely. After dinner Tom spoke to Ella and asked her to take a little walk. O no, really she couldn't now she must go up stairs and pack. "I had something very important to say to you." "Well can't you say it here, Mr. Brown?" "You used to call me Tom." "I used to do a great many other foolish things" with a defiant look that said "but I don't intend to again." After considerable argument Miss Boyd was prevailed upon to take a *very* short walk. I don't know what Tom said but at any rate when Ella came back she didn't look half as mad as she *might* have, and her chum had to remind her twice not to pack the lamp in her trunk. At any rate Tom Brown is now a large farmer and stock-raiser in Kansas, worth probably ten thousand, whose christian life and example are worth many times that amount to the community, and Ella Boyd is—his wife.

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FEBRUARY, 1888.

EDITORIAL.

WE congratulate our sister institution, the Meharry Medical College, on the completion of twelve years of excellent work. This institution is certainly an honor to the race.

THE life of the late Secretary Powell of the A. M. A., as related in the Chapel a few days ago by Secretary Ryder, was certainly a noble one. In him the Negro people especially, have lost a staunch friend. We can best show our appreciation for him by imitating his upright and self-sacrificing character.

THE increase in the number of glasses worn in the University lately, is a sure sign that many of our students are abusing their eyes. The eye is the most faithful and useful of our servants and it behooves us to see that it is used aright. There are some who will loiter away a whole hour when the sun is at the meridian, but in the last rays of twilight or just before breakfast they begin to have a wonderful appreciation of the fact that moments are golden. There are few here who could if they wished prepare their recitations by broad day light or at least with little hard study at night and thus save themselves and teachers much trouble and annoyance.

EDITORIAL TOHPICK.

THOMAS Carlisle once sharply reproved a student because he had no plans laid for his future life.

If said terse old gentleman were in Fisk to-day he could find several weeks of profitable employment at the same business, to say nothing of a month or so among the Alumni, in which time he would have ample chance to exhaust his vocabulary of expletives. It's a fearful thing to be aimless, yet how many of us are blown about by every wind of desire.

Many of us will be teachers. Why? Because we choose this profession, and fit ourselves carefully for it; no; but because we will drift into it by accident of situation, and will never drift out. Such a noble calling as teaching should not be taken hold of as an experiment. It is a profession.

It should be treated as such, and not as a mere stepping-stone. No

matter what we do, whether we teach, preach, die, or get married let's have an end in view.—Prof Smith's lecture on student life in Germany was very interesting.

Why isn't there a Fisk student at Leipsic, or a Fisk metaphysician at Berlin? Aren't we smart enough? *Mures!* well, then, have'nt we grit enough? "Mebbe, Mebbe!"—So! now the time draweth nigh when the soph. layeth his *Horace* carefully away in his table drawer, and the Senior forgeteth his *Moral Philosophy*, mournfully they look forth upon the landscape. They revolve multitudinous and divers plans. The sun riseth on their meditations, and noonday findeth them yet deep in thought. Verily what mighty plans absorb them, what ubiquitous design disturbs their homogeneity? A Keely motor? a Ph. D., at Heidelberg? Nay, nay! a greater than these; they are planning for a *Spring Suit*. O Lord, how long this thusness? Till we're uniformed,—a suit of jeans, and one of wool, for a year's ward-robe.

We are the recipients of a very beautiful valentine from the Pope Manufacturing Co., giving twenty-three reasons for purchasing a Columbia Bicycle. The Editor while very thankful would beg leave to say that excessive modesty makes the purchase of said vehicle @ present an impossibility. —As the Editor was strolling down 5th Avenue, (3rd floor, Livingstone,) about 9:30 P. M. last Saturday night, meditatively sucking a beef bone, which he had borrowed or stolen, (his memory fail's him just here) he was startled by flaming posters at No. 12, inscribed, NOTICE! NOTICE!! starch found!!! Dumb-

founded at so strange a discovery, he joined the immense throng at the entrance and by almost superhuman exertion gained admission. In the middle of the floor with a large field glass was the prospector surrounded by a throng. In close proximity was a chair upon which lay a cuff just from the Fisk Laundry in which the allied starch was found. The Editor took a look through the field glass and must confess there were a few signs of the article. However, without doubt it got there by mistake.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS.

ONE of the earliest and strongest friends the "Jubilee Singers" ever had was Henry Ward Beecher. That he did not up to the last days of his eventful life forget this early friendship is shown by his address before the Freedmen's Aid Society in London, England, on the 16th of October last. We quote from the address; "I think there never was such a phenomenon as the building of Fisk University. We talk about castles in the air. That is the only castle that ever I knew built by singing from foundation to top. That is a castle in the air worth having. They sang through our country, and it is one of the things that I cherish with pride that they took their start from Plymouth Church Lecture Room. Oh! those days after the war! My brother Thomas wrote to me that this Jubilee Band were trying to sing their way to the East and see if they could not raise a little money, and urged me to look after them. They called on me. I said, 'I do not

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know whether the folks will bear it or not, but come around on Friday night, at the prayer meeting, and I will give you a chance." On Friday night they sat there, and after the service concluded I said to the people: "There's a band of singers here, every one of whom has been baptized in slavery, and they are coming to the East to see if they can raise some little funds for their education and their elevation, and now I wish that you would hear them sing a few pieces. I called them up on the platform. There were about eleven hundred people there. The Jubilee Band began to sing. It was still as death. They sang two pieces—tears were trickling from a great many eyes. They sang again, and the audience burst out into a perfect enthusiasm of applause; and when they sung four or five pieces my people rose up in a mass and said: "These folks must sing in the church." On Sunday morning I gave out word that on Wednesday the church would be open on payment, not of a shilling—that is the English price. Fifty cents is what we call a respectable fee at the door for anything. Anything that is not worth fifty cents is not worth trying. I had them sing on Sunday morning, and on Wednesday night the church was crowded and crammed, and from that they went on conquering and to conquer. They sang up and down our own country; they sang here; they sang in the presence of the Royal Family; they sang in Paris; they sang in Berlin; they sang before the Emperor William; and when they came back they had earned one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the building of Fisk University."

Selected.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

DELIVERED IN THE SENIOR PREP. RHETORICAL CLASS.

I am not an orator, and as I am a woman, I shall, most likely be considered entirely out of my sphere when I touch on any measure in politics; but even if I am not one of the great, grand and all-aspiring men, "I am to quite an extent interested in the next presidential election. Although I do not profess to be posted at all in polities, you will please allow me to speak in behalf of the man who in my judgment would most honorably and successfully fill the president's chair for the next four years. We know nothing of his political career, none of us know any thing of him as a statesman, but to come nearer home, *we all know him*. It does not seem to me that the president's chair should always wait for some great general, for some man who has led armies on to victory, nor even to those who boast their ability and intellect; but until the responsible position of presidency is filled by such a man (strange his name may sound to you,) as I have in mind, the United States of America will lack that which might make her one of the grandest nations on the face of the earth.

And when we women are allowed to select the man who is to lord it over us, we will choose just such a man. Until then we must be content with whom you choose to put in office. Excuse me if I deviate a little, but our country needs the female vote. Let us vote, and we will not only give you a president worthy of honor, but we will also drive intoxicating liquor as far from you as the "east is from

the west."

Now again to our subject: the man who now occupies the president's chair no doubt does the best he can, but there is always room for improvement; and my candidate will not only be a great improvement; but even a blessing to the country. And when we women go to the polls we will even "stuff" the box for our honored and most beloved friend and instructor: Erastus Milo Cravath; and if the women are for him, who need be against him?

Lizzie Dee Jones.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge takes place March 24th.

A son of the late Pres. Finny of Oberlin has given \$50,000 to the College to be kept till it reaches the sum of \$80,000 and then to be expended in the erection of a memorial building to his father.

Forty two college graduates are employed on Boston newspapers, seventeen of whom are from Harvard.

Columbia college has graduated 900 men. At least the *Cynic* says.

Negroes of the city are building a Reformation Manufactory for giving employment to idle boys and girls. This is advancement.

Louis W. Douglas, a son of the O.M.E. is doing a paying Real Estate business at the capital.

A woman's Jubilee to celebrate her development in all directions during the past half century will be held in Washington the 25th of this month.

Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe is in

better health than she has been for several years.

The inauguration of the new President of Albert College, who with his new ideas his discontinued education, the young ladies of course being the ones discontinued, has been the occasion of much comment. The ladies in the College at the time were allowed to complete their course, which of course they did not do, and now the young men may jog along at their own rate with no rivalries from their friends.

The Centennial anniversary of Lord Byron's birth-day occurring a short time ago was but slightly recognized any where.

England's great Botanist, Thomas Irwin Boswell, died on the same day as Prof. Asa Gray—Jan. 30th.

Maurice Thompson has been spending the winter in Bay St Louis, where he has received more benefit than at other places.

The famous Lick telescope is mounted and scientific observatories will soon be made with it.

Louisa M. Alcott, the famous authoress, died in Boston, March 6.

PERSONAL.

S. A. Coffin, '86 is now at Jefferson, Texas.

We hear that O. J. Bennett, who graduates at Oberlin this year, will study in one of the medical schools of this city next year.

We are glad to see that George Hudson has again put in his appearance.

L. P. Driver is teaching at Brier Ridge.

THE FISK HERALD.

D. P. Gilmer is at Bolivar, making money of course.

C. L. Davis is teaching at Uptonville.

Miss Ida Edmondson is going to school in Fayetteville.

Mrs. W. H. Scott writes that she is as happy as she can be at her new home in Richmond, Texas.

J. J. Scott writes that he will certainly return to Fisk next year.

It was the printer who made the personal editor say in the Feb. HERALD that "T. P. Harris had one of the bones of the calcis fractured."

Messers. L. H. Tirdall and J. Levy Jr. were on the sick list last month.

N. J. Anderson has been somewhat "under the weather" but is now up.

Simon S. Medaris, a former student, who has been lately attending school at Knoxville, writes that he had to give up school on account of the recent epidemic there.

We welcome A. Whitfield, of Faunsdale, Ala., who recently entered school. Mr. Whitfield brings his wife with him.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery and wife of Minneapolis, Minn. stopped over at the University a day or two this month. Mr. Montgomery gave a very interesting account of Mormonism.

T. B. Burris has entered the boarding department; we are glad to have you Thomas.

Joseph Wiley left on the 5th inst. for Entau Landing, Miss. We hope that he will return next year having reaped

an abundant harvest of dollars and cents.

Miss Lula Jones was out of school a few days on account of sickness.

Miss Mamie Stewart, '88, had a very mysterious scar on her face: there were many conjectures as to the cause of it, but the real cause was a slight burn from carbolic acid, she hopes it will disappear before June.

Mrs. Jenkins our matron has been a little unwell for several days, but is now about her duties again,

Mrs. Rose Firestone of Salem, Ohio, is a guest of Mrs. Pres. Cravath: she is on her way to Florida,

Miss Louise B. Harris left on the 1st inst. for Goodlettsville, where she will teach.

We regret that Miss Cappie Tate is now confined to her room because of illness: we wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Eliza Level accompanied by her little son, Frank, visited, for a few days, her daughter Carrie. We were glad to see her.

The class parties begin as spring puts in its appearance: The Sophmores at the parlors of Prof. and Mrs. Wright, and the English A's at the parlors of Jubilee Hall, at the invitation of Miss Bowen their principal, spent Friday evening March 3rd in a social gathering.

Rev. Mr. Metcalf, Pastor of the High St. Congregational church at Columbus, Ohio, spent a day at the University last month, visiting classes.

Miss Kizzie Jones, a member of the 2nd year Normal Class, was united in marriage to Mr. N. J. Stith, Monday, Mch. 12th, at the residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed at 5 P. M. and at 7 P. M. the bride and groom started for Marion Ark. where they will reside, we send them many congratulations. Still they go!

Miss Patti J. Malone arrived safely at Athens Ala. but was unfortunately greeted by the mumps which is causing her much discomfort.

The new cooking class consists of Misses M. J. Murray, Ella Thompson Katie Smith, all of whom are much delighted with the art.

Miss J. M. Condit one of our teachers has been kept from her duties in the school-room for a few weeks, on account of illness: we are glad that she is now convalescent.

WEDDING IN TEXAS.

FEBRUARY 8th 1888.

At the residence of Mr. Wm Watts, one of Longview's highly respected and aristocratic families, occurred the marriage of Miss Celia Phelps and Mr. Wm Scott M. D., both graduates of Fisk University. Long ere seven o'clock, the appointed hour, arrived, the little cottage was filled with loving friends and acquaintances, ex-Fiskites, some coming on the train and others on horseback.

The bride was becomingly attired in a dark gray travelling suit, trimmed with plaid velvet.

The bridegroom with his usual comely dignity and reserve, wore a handsome suit of broadcloth and black kid gloves.

As they stood there among schoolmates, friends and acquaintances, and pledged themselves to ever remain true and faithful to each other we could but say as the poet:

"So stately his form and so lovely
her face;
That never a hall such a galliard
did grace."

After ceremony supper was served, then amid innumerable congratulations and good wishes the happy couple boarded the south bound train to Richmond, Texas, their future home, where the Dr has a large and paying practice.

We wish them God-speed and a long life.

E. H. H.

EXCHANGES.

The *Moderator* a monthly journal published at Lansing, Mich., is for keeping teachers and students up with the latest methods of instruction, a sparkling gem.

If many of our exchanges would devote more to general topics than to personals and locals so many readers of college journals would not feel like stopping after reading about a page and half, and the interest would be increased. Now most are filled with advertisements, personal and locals.

Butchell College has just completed a gymnasium that cost \$15,000; Oberlin is in hopes of one to cost \$50,000; and the University of Michigan is rapidly raising the required amount for their new gymnasium.

There is a girl in Michigan, six feet nine inches tall, and when her lover stands on his tip toes and pleads for a kiss, she stoops to conquer.

Ex.

THE FISK HERALD.

The Feb. issue of the *High School Record* has an amusing article on blind boys playing ball.

The *Penn Choncler* is certainly a paper that has the right name, as it always contains interesting articles.

Base Ball seems to be at fever heat with most colleges, as we see in most college papers something about "the nine" either under the head of personals, locals or even in the editorial department.

Most of our exchanges have something to say of Washington's Birthday.

MUSIC AT FISK.

AS we came in at the northwest door of Jubilee Hall, last Friday afternoon, we were struck with the unusual noise in the hall and in the Assembly room. We approached and inquired as to the cause of all this clamor and we were informed that the long hoped for piano had just been put into the room. Certainly we excused the noise and with the other girls mingled our voices in the rejoicings. The piano comes from Gordon Bros. and a pretty little instrument. One by one have the young ladies welcomed it but March 7th we welcomed it *en masse* at the Rehearsal of which the following is the programme:

"Danish Air, King," Ida Mallory
"Under the Pines," Emery, Carrie Carney,
"Rondo Mignon," Baumfelder,

Arvilla Bryant.
"Shepherd Boy," Wilson, Nettie Crump,
Sonata, Op. 47, No. 2, Reinecke,

Mrs. E. Crawford,
Cradle Song, Barili, Bellina Bryan,
"Shepherd Boy's Song," Karl Merz,
Hermine Smith

Brook Song' Op. 107, Reinecke,	Lulu Erving.
"Consolation", S. W. W., Mendelssohn,	Miss Cheatham.
"At the Fountain" Op. 311, Spindler,	Flora Wright.
Nocturne No. 15, Chopin, Mary Bennett.	
Etuade from Op. 46, Heller, Willa Hadley.	
"Sweet Violet," Spindler, Mary Coffin.	

The Faculty has voted to have the Mozart Concert in April. We need not say that we are all delighted both because we like to hear the Society sing and because the concert is one step nearer the Pipe Organ although perhaps a very short step.

LOCALS.

The appointments have been made for the oratorical contest.

The first meeting of the State Teachers Institute took place at Roger Williams University on Feb. 4th. The 2nd Session for 1888 was held at Central Tenn. College on Saturday March 3rd, the third session will be at Fisk, University on Saturday April 7th.

Valentine day!!!!

Croquet is becoming an epidemic.

The thermometer stood at 10° on 22nd.

On the 26th thermometer register 12°

During Feb. Prof. Chase gave a lecture on heat. B. T. P. assisted.

The gymnasium is to be located in the central lot opposite Livingstone, fronting Shaftsbury Ave.

The stakes have been set and work will begin soon.

Washington's Birth Day was observed as holiday by us this year for the first time. The day was warm as May

and every one spent the day outside.

Thirty or more of the young ladies visited the the Capitol, Mrs. Polk's place and Watkins Institute. At night a social was given in the parlor for the family.

The B. K. B. has recently purchased some valuable additions to its library. The following officers were elected at the last meeting:

President, W. E. B. DuBois,
Vice-president, L. B. Moore,
Rec. Secretary, G. D. Field,
Treasurer, H. H. Procter,
Critic, J. N. Calloway,
Marshall, J. T. Warren,
Cabinet, C. O. Hunter, B. F. Miller.

The speakers for Commencement are L. B. Moore, T. P. Harris, and B. F. Miller.

Miss Jones wrote from London that she was highly pleased with her trip across the Ocean and through England.

On Feb. 24 th Dr. Smith of Vanderbilt University gave a most interesting lecture on University life in Germany.

Mrs. Spence has been actively engaged in her endowment work during February and has had some success, Mrs. Bedford, of Nashville, gave \$100, to help on the enterprise.

The following volumes were added to the University Library during February: *Juventus Mundi* by Gladstone; *The Boy travellers in South America* by Knox; *Gray's Botanical Text Book*, Goodale; *Louis Agassiz, His Life and Correspondence*, E. C. Agassiz; *School-days at Rugby*, and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, Thos. Hughes; *Poems and Dramas*, Robt. Browning; *Silent Part-*

ner E. S. Phelps' and Jas. Cooper's works.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

What ho! ye sick and dyspeptic Alumni, give thine aid to the gymnasium that the rest of us be not like unto ye!

The Model School has a fine little house,
The Intermediate, a frame,
The gymnasium has no house as yet,
But she'll get there all the same!

An Elephant once caught a young Lion and placing him near him, watched him closely, feeding him only Bread and Milk. One day the Cub humbly asked if he might not have the privilege of feeding himself, arguing that he was large enough and had always believed in Home Rule. "O no" answered the Elephant, "Your'e too Gladstonian. If I should allow you to feed yourself you would soon become a lion, and then what could I do with you?"

MORAL what's Ireland's gain is England's loss.

Weather possibilities—Weather probabilities.—*Ex.*

A hole in the ground and a smell of gas sold for \$8,000 in Ohio the other day. The hole was found to be all right, but the smell of gas disappeared with the owner of the land.—*Ex.*

"Papa, what is a model?" inquired little Johnny. --"A model is a small likeness of anything."—"And is a model man the small likeness of a man?"—"A great many of them are, Johnny," replied his father musingly, "a great many of them are." *Ex.*

CITY ITEMS.

Fiskites who are wise
when spending their tithes
Always patronize
Those who advertise

— in the HERALD.

Be sure to read Ditson's new list
of books for the "Musical '88."

deAnquinos is doing work in his
usual artistic—Don't fail to have your
pictures taken before leaving for
home.

Badoux for hair-goods.

We congratulate our old friend, the
Phillips, Butors' Mfg company, on its
returns to our columns.

For stationery see Pagne and Co.
Read Dr. Kinkead's card.

Studehts, J. C. Franklin, the
Church St. druggist, is your friend.

Weakley is now getting in a new
line of shoes.

Go to Orchard for picture frames,
wall paper etc.

Prof. Alex De Anquinos is still tak-
ing the lead in photographing all stu-
dents. His new number is 413 and
412 Church St. Call and see him.

Remember the Boston shoe store
has removed from cedar St. to 407
West side Public Sq. next to Zicklers
grocery.

Call at the Boston shoe store when
you want shoes cheap 407 West side
Public Sq.

your neighbors buy shoes at the Bos-
ton shoe store,

The best \$3.00 shoes for men in the
city at the Boston shoe store 407 West
side Public Sq.

Loeb for furnishing goods!

Ramage's shoes are first class.

J. Ellis is opening a fine spring
stock. Young men go see him.

Lamkin's is prepared to make
spring suits to order.

Dont forget the Eagle Shoe Store
on Summer Street.

Read Mahon's photo ad.

Merrels work as jeweler will stand
the test.

Heerstein is a specialist on Gem
pictures.

The Boston shoe store is with us
again.

Zickler keeps the best groceries.

PENNSYLVANIA —H—A—I— COMPANY, UNION STREET,

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HATS, and UMBRELLAS,
The Largest and Cheapest Stock in the City of Nashville.

J. GRAHAM,

330 Cor. Cedar and Knowles Sts.,
is prepared to do for all students,
work in the line of shoe re-
pairing, with neatness, cheapness
and dispatch.

Dr. A. H. Roscoe,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
Corner Line and Clay Streets.
Keeps everything in the retail line. School
books always on hand.

W.C.CUNNINGHAM.

330 CORNER CEDAR and KNOWELS
Sts. Does nothing but first-class
barbering at a price so
low that the poorest student can afford
to go and have his hair cut.
... Call!

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